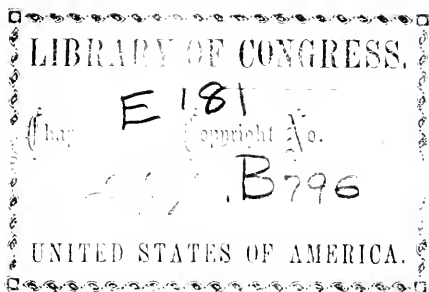


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THE VETERAN HERO.

# A FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

*Recd at S.S.*

DELIVERED IN

*2<sup>d</sup> July 1852.*

The First Presbyterian Church of the City of Detroit, Michigan,

On the 18th of April, 1851,

AT THE INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE LATE

## HUGH BRADY,

BREVE MAJOR GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

---

BY GEORGE DUFFIELD,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, the 10th day of November, A. D. 1851, by

A. McFARREN,

In the Clerk's Office, of the U. S. District Court, for the District of Michigan.

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## DISCOURSE.

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2 SAM. xiv. 14.—For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again : Neither does God respect persons ; yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.

Another, and a veteran hero has fallen ! Death has numbered with his victims, the gallant soldier, the honorable citizen, the lofty-minded patriot. We gather round his mortal remains to deplore our loss. Both in his social relations—as the affectionate father, the warm-hearted friend, the kind and pleasant neighbor, and the generous helper of the needy and distressed ; and in his public—as the ornament and pride of our city, the boast and delight of the army, his country's treasure, and a bright jewel in her fame—we have much in this loss to mourn. Tears become us when we approach the tomb, especially when we convey “the mighty man and man of war” to the house appointed for all living.

It was near the cemetery of Bethlehem, where two sorrowing sisters went to weep over the grave of a brother beloved, the blessed Redeemer met them, and, mingling his tears with theirs, preached that memorable discourse, in which He spake words of consolation and of hope to their afflicted hearts. We would follow this divine precedent ; and here, assembled to weep by the bier of one so deeply, universally, and justly beloved, would extract from the text a few thoughts appropriate to the scene, and prefatory to a short sketch of his history and character.

The words were, indeed, those of an artful woman, instigated and employed by a much more artful politician and ferocious

cious warrior. But they, nevertheless, express truth of deep and solemn moment.

1. *They declare the STERN NECESSITY OF DEATH.* "We must needs die." Intellectually, we all admit it; but rarely do men realize it, till they find themselves already in the grasp of the destroyer. "It is natural, and, therefore, necessary," say many. That is all they know of it, or care to know—thinking that, as a mere debt of nature, they must yield when payment is enforced. They see the flowers spring, and blossom, and decay; endless tribes of living creatures, in ever succeeding generations, appear, and flourish, and pass through their short day of action and enjoyment; dwellings and temples moulder and crumble into dust; mighty piles of massive architecture lose their strong consistency, and corroded, undermined by time, fall, by their own weight, in ruins; the aged oaks and cedars of the forest bend and bow beneath the weight of years; vast empires are dissolved and perish by the violence of others, and their own internal revolutions; even rocks and mountains lie down amid their own debris; everything terrestrial finds a grave. The sculptured memorials perish from the marble, and the tomb itself, losing its pomp and magnificence, adds but its heap of dust to the ashes it conceals. Such is the law of nature. Death is inevitable alike to prince and peasant.

Sternest still is that necessity. Death is the righteous retribution of a holy God, for the punishment of the guilty. "The wages of sin is death." The inevitable endurance of this dread evil is bound upon us by the righteous decree of Heaven. The natural does but follow the moral constitution. This awful scourge and curse is the first consequence of sin. We are not scions of the tree of life, but the degenerate sons of fallen and guilty parents; for "As by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." It is because the human race is a race of sinners—a fallen, guilty, condemned race—that "We must needs die."

2. And, what is worse, *there is an utter impossibility, on our part, or that of any mere mortal of our race, to restore the life which has been forfeited by sin.* “We are as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.” Ever fickle and fluctuating, liable to be ruffled by every breath, and agitated by every tempest, men are as unstable as water. No absolute and solid coherence of our parts, at any moment, prevents a sudden dissolution. Men die without rule, and as often without, as with occasion. Some linger in tedious consumption, wasting by slow degrees ; while others, in robust health and vigor, are carried past their doors, to the toll of the funeral bell, long before their departure. Infancy, childhood, middle life, and old age, are alike unprotected by any sentinel, or invincible guard, to repel the insidious approach of death.

Men often kill each other, and kill themselves, and sport with life, as little children do with water—dashing and scattering it around them. The drunkard, the glutton, and the vile, throw away their lives, and hosts of the race allow their years to waste, as does water through a sieve. And, when once gone, they can never be recalled. “The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever.” All the wealth of this world ; all the skill of the wisest among mortals ; all the entreaties, cries, and tears, of devoted friends ; the highest traits of virtue ; the claims of riches and beneficence ; the political grandeur, consequence, and influence, of men of loftiest stations and relations—the mighty minds, toward whom all eyes are turned ; the power, prowess, and energies, of the greatest warriors—the great bastions of their countries’ defence, on whom the hearts of nations rest ; none, nor all, are sufficient to recall and raise the dead to life again—no more than can the water be recovered from the soil, when once it has been “spilt.” For,

3. *In the infliction of death, God regards with perfect indifference, all the distinctions of human rank and condition, which so often dazzle the minds of mortals.* “Neither doth God re-

spect any man." He has no favors to ask from the rich, for which they may expect exemption. The poor have no claims upon Him for His pity. He disregards alike the infant's tenderness, and the old man's feebleness. The strength of manhood ; the bloom of youth ; wit, wisdom, learning, beauty, brilliant talents ; all are equally level in the grave. Neither king nor peasant, neither warrior nor sage, can claim aught at the hand of God, by reason of their condition here. "It is appointed unto all men once to die ;" and the sad story, sooner or later, must be told of each—"He has departed, and under an arrest, for the judgment of the great day." We must quit all our vain delights, and all our darling sins, or stand condemned at His bar, "who respects not any man."

Sad prospect, say you, my hearer ? Is there no hope ?—no consolation ? Shall we go hence, and be seen no more ? Must we exchange our fair abodes for the dark chamber of the grave ? Must we be carried from our beds of down, and laid beneath the moistened clay, and dewy, tearful sod ? Must these bodies, in which we live, and move, and find so much and such sweet delight in the bosom of our families, in the society of beloved children, be made the companions of worms, and join in the revels of their corruption ? Is there no light in the shade of this dark picture ?—no escape from this wretchedness ?—no mitigation of such a dire calamity ? Must we be poured out like water, and never gathered up again ?

Did we make sense, or reason, our oracle here, the response would only deepen our gloom, and send us back to life, to ponder, with deeper horror, the stern, inexorable necessity of death. Gladly should we cast upon it the pall of the grave, and bury it for ever from our sight and thoughts, did we know nothing of what awaits the soul, when it escapes from the prison and fetters of this mortal body. To be torn from kindred, friends, and scenes of honor and ambition, of wealth and pleasure here, and pass—we know not where—as wretched exiles, at best, from a world we once enjoyed, were, itself, enough to make the grave a place of horror.

The pains, and groans, and dying strife,  
 Might well affright our souls away,  
 And bid us still cling close to life—  
 Fond of our prison and our clay

There is nothing in death itself but what is shockingly revolting to all our sensibilities. Nor can mere nature ever be reconciled to it. We cannot gild the tomb, and make it a palace of light and bliss. Nor does the Savior of sinners propose to do so. He holds, indeed, "the keys of hell and death ;" but it is to unlock, and liberate from their power. And, blessed be His name, we are assured that,

4. "*He doth devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.*" He Himself hath passed through the portals of the grave, and there left the marks of His own atoning blood—the imprint of His own most gracious footsteps. Having escaped from its gloomy dominion, He has marked the way, and given the pledge, that "Whosoever shall believe upon Him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "Through death, He hath destroyed him that hath the power of death—that is, the Devil—and delivered those who, through fear of death, were, all their life-time, subject to bondage." "Oh, Death! saith He, I will be thy plague ; oh, Grave ! I will be thy destruction ! Thy dead men shall live ; together with my dead body, shall they arise." "I am He that liveth, and was dead, and am alive for ever more—Amen ; and have the keys of Hell and death." Believing His word, and committing our souls to Him, as to a faithful Creator, death loses its horror. Its aspect changes, and we become prepared to meet it—no longer the king of terrors, but the summons from our exile here. "In my Father's house," says He, "are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

What may be the circumstances of the abode of those who die in faith, while they live in their separate state, we presume not to inquire. It is enough to know, "He has devised means that they be not expelled from Him." "To be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord." Though banished, as it

were, from earth, they are gathered to Himself, just as truly as His soul ascended to His Father God ; and they enter that 'house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where they remain, during their separation from the body, in the same condition that His own soul did, during the period between His death and resurrection. In this state, they are so received and "sealed with the earnest of the spirit of God," that this intermediate position, though not the full glory to which they are destined, is inconceivably more desirable than all the wealth, pleasures, honors, and kingdoms, this fallen, guilty world has to bestow. Hereafter, when Jesus Christ shall come to raise the bodies of His saints, although they may have long been banished from the scenes of earth, they shall "enter into the joy of their Lord," and, ever dwelling in full glorified condition, "reign with him," as "kings and priests to God." The faith that ventures, implicitly and absolutely, on the word of His promise, can cheerfully leave the whole devising in His hands, and rest assured we shall not be expelled from Him. To be with Christ, is Heaven, and bliss complete, wherever, and under whatever circumstances, that may be.

It is obvious, however, that, to be fitted for that happy place, there must be the love of Christ. For, devoid of it, His presence never can be relished.

The thought, that the warm and generous heart, which once glowed with such gallant zeal and love for his country's honor, had felt the pulsations of a still more vigorous affection for the Friend and Savior of sinners, sweetly comforts us on this sad occasion, and sheds a richer perfume around the name and memory of General HUGH BRADY, than all the laurels which were ever wreathed, or blossomed, on his manly brow. Modest, humble, and averse from seeking his own praise, his spirit would be grieved, should it have cognizance of any unfounded or extravagant attempt at panegyric. Yet would we do violence to our own and your feelings alike, beloved hearers, should we refrain, wholly, from some tribute to his personal and social worth.



His life and history form one of the few remaining links that connect the present generation—now dwelling at ease, in the enjoyment of the liberty, prosperity, and greatness, of our glorious confederacy—with the olden times that tried men's souls.

The greatest portion of his extended life was spent upon the borders of our wide and rapidly spreading country. Familiar with Indian warfare and perils, from his very infancy, when called into his country's service, he had been schooled and trained for courageous deeds. He was the fifth of six brothers, who, with four sisters, formed the family of Captain John Brady, of revolutionary memory. He was born on the 29th of July, 1768, near the Standing Stone, now Huntingdon, amid the mountains of Pennsylvania; and, when but eight years of age, his father, and eldest brother, James, were both called to engage in the stormy scenes and conflicts of the war for American independence. Being ordered by General Washington for the protection of the frontier, in northern central Pennsylvania, from Indian hostilities, within three years, both father and son had fallen on the field of battle, by the hands of savage cruelty.

When left a fatherless youth, of but 11 years of age, his mother retired to a farm of their own, in Cumberland County, where, by the great severity of the weather, and depth of snow, during the winter of 1779-'80, they were protected from the inroads of the savages. The spring had no sooner opened, than Indian hostilities commenced. Some people near her residence having been killed, she took shelter, with some ten or twelve families, on the West Branch of the Susquehannah, near her former home. Protected by pickets round their dwellings, the old men, and women, and children, remained within during the day; while all who could work, and carry arms, returned to the farms, for the purpose of raising somewhat to subsist upon. "Many a day" did young Brady "walk by the side of his brother John, while he was ploughing—(I use his own language)—and while, with one hand, he carried his rifle, with a forked stick in the other, he cleared the ploughshare." Their gallant mother

often preferred to share the perils that surrounded her sons while at work, "being better content to prepare their food near them, than remain at the fort." Three years thereafter, when peace invited the fugitive families from the borders, to return to their homes, that gallant and patriotic mother was called away, by death, to an eternal home.

The family was scattered, and, in his 15th year, young Brady became an inmate of his brother's family—Captain Samuel Brady, then of Washington County, Pa., with whom he lived, till, on the 5th of March, 1792, he was appointed an Ensign in a rifle company, in General Wayne's army, under command of Captain Crawford, a soldier of '76. Previously, his brother had removed to Ohio County, Va. The Indian marauding parties often visited the few sparse settlements on the western side of the river Ohio. Before he received his commission, young Brady was frequently engaged in parties that went in pursuit of the Indians, but only once met them in action, in which, notwithstanding the loss of Lieutenant Buskirk, and three men wounded out of twenty-two, after a short, but bloody fight with an equal number, they were put to flight, with the loss of eight of their band. He shared the perils and privations of the army of General Wayne, which he doubted not, in his later years, had been of great service to him in all his future military life.

With his characteristic modesty, he has left among his notes, the following notice of that memorable campaign: "The confidence it gave me has unquestionably been of service to me up to the present day. The history and movements of that army are before the world; but its sufferings and privations are only known to those who shared them, of which I had my full proportion. Our campaign in Canada, during the war of 1812, was by no means interesting, and its privations, &c., were the subject of much discussion. Compared with the campaign of General Wayne, it was all sunshine."

At the close of that campaign, he was left at Fort Wayne, where he continued till November, 1795, when he resigned

his commission, and returned to dwell among his kindred. With the exception of the years 1798 and '9, during which he held commission as a Captain in "Adams' army," as he calls it, he continued in private life, until, in 1812, the war again called him into the service of his country. "I have rendered that country," says he, "some service, and, with my brother-officers, have kept my shoulder to the wheel. This was no more than our duty to a country that supports us, and of which we are justly proud."

His gallant behavior on the field of battle, both at Bridgewater and Lundy's Lane, the wounds he received, and the manner in which a kind Providence preserved his life, are too well known to need comment. His history, since that war, is public property. His name stands indelibly recorded in the annals of his country's fame. With his vigilance and untiring energy, and the wisdom he displayed in preventing the outbursts of wild and ruinous excitement, to some extent proving contagious among many of our own citizens, during the disturbance in Canada in 1837-'8, we are all familiar. Every one will bear testimony, as well to his respect for the rights and liberties of his fellow-citizens, as to the fidelity and success with which he executed the trust reposed in him by the Government of his country. With scarcely any supply of regular troops—sustained and aided mainly by the gallant and faithful band that bore his honored name, whose remaining members, here, this day, appear among the chief mourners—he watched and guarded this frontier so efficiently in that perplexing period, that he not only obtained the gratitude and praise of our citizens, but the plaudit of the chief commanding officer, General Scott, who, after his visit to this State, reported to the President, that all had been here quieted. We leave to others, a fuller sketch of his pursuit of the Indian chief, his removal of the Indians from this State, and of his military life in general, and close with a few remarks touching his character.

Naturally, he was a man of noble soul, who could not brook

a mean and dishonorable action. Sincere and honest himself, he held, in utter contempt, everything like duplicity and falsehood. Never lavish or flattering in his professions of regard and friendship for others, he was ever prompt in his sympathies, and firm in his attachments. A truer heart ne'er beat in mortal breast. The happiness of others ever gave him delight. Devoid of envy or ambition, that would sacrifice whatever stood in the way of self-aggrandizement, he made not complaint, if even less deserving attained to what was his due. He took peculiar delight in the circle of his friends, and cherished for all, the liveliest affection. His private notes breathe the most benignant regards, and the yearnings of the fondest heart, for his children, and his children's children. In their griefs, he fully shared, when called, as he was frequently, to mourn with them the loss of early blossoms, nipped by the severe frosts of death.

He was the ardent friend of his brethren in military service ; nor could he endure the least reproach against the army, which he loved with almost a father's affection. The soldier's claims he never despised ; nor did he ever exalt or press them to the injury and injustice of a fellow-citizen.

His sense of justice was exceedingly strong ; and none would be more sure to forfeit his esteem, than they whose selfishness would dictate injury or wrong to others.

His personal influence was on the side of good morals.. He was the ardent lover of his country, and of his country's flag. Although warmly attached to his native State, yet were his local attachments all merged in his more devoted affection for the glorious union of these free United States. Nor did anything more quickly rouse him, or more deeply wound him, than what tended to rend the bonds of this noble confederacy. He was the friend of what he thought tended to promote the public good.

He was respected by the aged, and loved by the young. His heart had not, in the least, been rendered callous, by age, to the society and enjoyments of youth. Simple in his man-

ners—hating all hypocrisy, and the false parade of fashionable regard—he never was indifferent to the social delights of familiar converse with old and young of either sex.

For female worth, and especially unpretending and consistent female piety, he entertained the highest regard. Soldier as he was, he ever acknowledged and felt the charms of female excellence. Great had been its influence in the formation of his own character, and, we doubt not, in moulding his eternal destiny.

The partner of his bosom was, in every respect, worthy of him ; and the bright radiance of her pure, humble, and uniform piety, which made her house the sphere of its loveliest and most attractive influence, so commended the grace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and so illustrated its power, as to banish all skepticism from his mind, as to the reality and value of evangelical religion. Long and truly did his widowed heart mourn her loss ; and, again and again, as he saw developed in his daughters, the piety of the mother, and witnessed their happy and triumphant exits from this vain and fleeting world, he felt his heart upward drawn, and impressed with a sense of the sweetness and value, the importance and necessity, of an interest in Jesus Christ.

Deprived of the benefit of a preached gospel, by reason of his utter inability to hear a public speaker, the ordinary public means of grace were unavailing to him ; yet did he religiously, and with as much pleasure as punctiliousness, liberally contribute to the support of religion. Shut out from the house of God, of late years he made the Bible more especially his study, and conscientiously devoted the Sabbath to its perusal. He never doubted its divine authority, nor skeptically questioned whether it were the word of God. He had learned from thence to watch the developments of Divine Providence, in the reality and particularity of which, he was so firm a believer, that, by some, who know not the difference between superstition and religion, he was accounted superstitious. “Is it not remarkable,” writes he, near the close of life, after re-

counting the history of his brothers, for the benefit of his children, "that I, who was considered the most feeble of all, should outlive all my brothers, after having been exposed to more dangers and vicissitudes than any, except Samuel? Is it not a proof, that there is, from the beginning, 'a day appointed for man to die?' It is said—"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but safety is of the Lord." That has ever been my belief."

That Providence he recognized, not only in his own personal history, but in that of others, and especially of his country; and, most of all, in that of Washington, of whom he ever was an impassioned admirer, and to whom he has borne such a strong and religious testimony, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting it from his diary, being as illustrative of his own character, as true of the merited object of his admiration.

"Washington! It matters not by whom, how, or where, that name is pronounced; provided it refers to the man, it has a most astonishing effect on me. My heart melts; my eyes fill; and I am thankful that I am one of the generation in which he took so conspicuous a part! Such a generation as his, the world has not witnessed, since the days of our Savior. No doubt but that he was a chosen instrument in the hands of God, to loosen the bonds of them that were bound, and to give liberty to the sons of men. In studying his character, and reviewing the great things he did, and after reading Sparks' life of him, I have come to the conclusion, that there was never given to any one, so much wisdom as he had throughout his life. It strikes me that he was furnished from above. At the time he was in need, he not only led the army, but the Congress, and the whole country. And one of the best evidences that could be produced, that the Almighty was at all times by his side, is, that the minds of men, both public and private, of high and low degree, were obedient to his call and advice."

It was General Brady's study of the Bible, that made him such a believer in the providence of God. And it is matter of

thankfulness from all his friends, that we have good reason to hope, the study of that blessed Book had led him to a still higher knowledge and belief. He had not been a stranger to the thought of his own death, nor had he, as we received the assurance from his own lips, left the matter of his own soul's salvation to a dying hour. Although stunned, and terribly injured, by the fatal and violent fall from his vehicle, and weakened by great loss of blood, he survived long enough to converse freely with his children and friends. His first wish, expressed to his son, when returning to consciousness, was to die. But he lived to profess, in the bosom of his family, his utter destitution of all confidence in himself; his renunciation of his own righteousness and good deeds; and his confident trust in the merits and mediation, the blood and righteousness, of Jesus Christ—"the only name given under Heaven, among men, whereby we must be saved." The promises of God's word, on which he rested, were "too plain," he said, "to be mistaken," and they were the foundation of his hope. "His time," he believed, "had come," and he was "ready to go." Nor did he breathe a murmur, or display, at any time, the least impatience; but, calmly and quietly, breathed his soul out into the hands of God.

We trust our loss has been his gain. May you, beloved hearers, know and realize the value and efficacy of that grace of Jesus Christ, which, where sin has abounded, does itself yet much more abound.

And now—

Lay his sword on his breast—that time-honored sword, whose scabbard, all bruised and battered by many a bullet on the field of battle, oft warded off the stroke of death. Yes—

Lay (that) sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade,  
 In whose cankering breath, his bright laurels will fade!  
 'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—  
 It was stayed with sweet mercy, when "glory" was all!  
 As calm in the council, as gallant in war,  
 He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"  
 In the path of the hero, with pity, he trod—  
 Let him pass, with his (hope,) to the presence of God.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,  
 Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him.

LINES  
ON THE DEATH OF  
BREVET MAJOR GENERAL HUGH BRADY.

---

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD, ESQ.

---

A woe is on the Nation's soul,  
And Soldier-hearts are sad and sore,  
As through the land the tidings roll—  
“Our gallant BRADY is no more!”

Upon his strong and noble frame,  
The hand of Time had gently pressed,  
And vigorous Youth still seemed enthroned,  
In all her pride, upon his breast.

Through twice a score of weary years,  
His sword hung ever on his thigh;  
And, down to Life's last tranquil hour,  
He never passed a duty by.

In the red battle's fiercest blaze,  
He bravely bathed his conquering blade,  
And, fearless, dashed against the foe,  
While War's fierce hail around him played.

His virtues, shining clear and bright,  
Have long adorned his honored life,  
And all his private walks and ways,  
With generous deeds, were ever rife.

The eyes of all who knew the Man,  
Read Virtue in his very name;  
And, 'neath his bold and searching glance,  
Dishonor hid her head in shame.

\* \* \* \* \*

But fife, nor drum, no more shall wake  
The Warrior from his dreamless sleep;  
Life's battle fought—the victory won—  
His feet now press Fame's highest steep.

Then kindly wrap the Nation's Flag  
Around the Hero's honored clay—  
Fit shroud for Soldier such as he,  
Who knew no joy, save in its ray!

And manly eyes may weep to-day,  
As sinks the Patriot to his rest;  
*The Nation held no truer heart  
Than that which beat in BRADY's breast!*

DETROIT, April 15, 1851.



## APPENDIX.

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The following extracts, taken from the private papers of Gen. H. Brady, giving an account of his ancestors and family, possess so much of general interest, as matter of American biography, that there is no apology needed for having appended them to the Discourse. Concerning himself, he says :

"I was born on the 29th day of July, 1768, at the Standing Stone, in Huntington County, Pennsylvania, and was the fifth son—(they had six sons and four daughters)—of John and Mary Brady. My brothers all lived to be men, in every sense of the term, and at a period when the qualities of men were put to the most severe and enduring tests. While I was yet a child, my father moved on to the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, and pitched his tent about eight miles above the town of Northumberland. At this time, (as well as in later periods,) titles to wild lands could be obtained by erecting a log-house, and by girdling a few trees, by way of improvement, or cultivation. In this way, my father, John Brady, took up a vast quantity of land ; and, had he not fallen in the war of 1776, would have been one of the greatest land-holders in the State. But, owing to the dishonesty and mismanagement of those connected with him, his family received but little benefit from his exertions. Soon after the commencement of the war of 1776, he was appointed a Captain in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment ; and, in a few weeks, having recruited his company, he joined the army, with which he remained until after the battle of Brandywine.

"At this time, the Indians had become very troublesome in the settlements on the Susquehanna—so much so, that application was made to Gen. Washington, for regular troops to protect the frontier. Not being in a condition to spare any troops at that moment, he ordered home, Capt. John Brady, Capt. Boone, and Lieuts. John and Samuel Dougherty, to use their influence in inducing the people to sustain themselves, until he could afford them other relief. And nobly did they execute his design. All that brave and experienced men could do, was done by them, even to sacrificing their lives in the defence of their country ; for, in less than two years from that date, Capts. Brady and Boone, and Lieut. Samuel Dougherty, had fallen by the hands of the savages. Ten months before the death of Capt. John Brady, his son James had fallen (in 1778) by the Indians. Another son, Samuel, was then an officer in the U. S. army. John was then at home, in charge of the family, and in his 16th year.

"After the fall of Capt. Brady, my mother removed, with her family, to her father's place in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, where she arrived in May, 1779, and where she remained till October of that year. She then removed to Buffalo Valley, about twenty miles below our former residence, and settled on one of our own farms. We found the tenant had left our portion of the hay and grain, which was a most fortunate circumstance. The winter following (1779 and '80) was a very severe one, and the depth of the snow interdicted all travelling. Neighbors were few, and the settlement scattered—so that the winter was solitary and dreary to a most painful degree. But, while the depth of the snow kept us confined at home, it had also the effect to protect us from the inroads of the savages. But, with the opening of the spring, the Indians returned, and killed some people not very remote from our residence. This induced Mrs. Brady to take shelter, with some ten or twelve families, on the West Branch, about three miles from our home. Pickets were placed around the houses, and the old men, women, and children, remained within during the day; while all who could work and carry arms, returned to their farms, for the purpose of raising something so subsist upon. Many a day have I walked by the side of my brother John, while he was ploughing, and carried my rifle in one hand, and a forked stick in the other, to clear the ploughshare.

"Sometimes my mother would go with us to prepare our dinner. This was contrary to our wishes; but she said that, while she shared the dangers that surrounded us, she was more contented than when left at the fort. Thus we continued till the end of the war, when peace—happy peace—again invited the people to return to their homes.

"In 1783, our mother was taken from us. In '84, my brother John married, and, soon after, my eldest sister followed his example. All the children younger than myself, lived with them. I went to the western country, with my brother, Capt. Samuel Brady. He had been recently disbanded, and had married a Miss Swearingen, in Washington County, Pa. He took me to his house at that place, and I made it my home until 1792, when I was appointed an Ensign in Gen. Wayne's army. Previous to this, my brother had moved into Ohio County, Va., and settled a short distance above Charlestown. At that day, the Indians were continually committing depredations along the frontier. West of the Ohio, the settlements were very sparse, and the people from the east side went frequently in pursuit of parties of marauding Indians, who visited the neighborhood.

"I joined with several parties in pursuit of Indians, but only met them once in action. This was, I think, on the 22d of May, 1791. Our spies, in front, had discovered a trail of Indians, about eight miles up Indian Cross-cut, making for the settlements. The next morning, 10 citizens were met by Lieut. Buskirk, with 12 State Rangers, at the old Mingo Town, and, from there, we went in pursuit. After following their trail till nearly sunset, we were fired on by the enemy, who lay concealed in a thicket. Lieut. Buskirk was killed, and three men were wounded. After a fight of about ten minutes, the Indians retreated, leaving one gun on the ground, and much blood on the bushes. We pursued them till dark, but did not overtake them. The next day, we returned to the field with a large party; and, about 100 yards up the stream which had divided the combatants, we found 22 Indian packs,

showing that our party of 22 men had fought the same number of Indians. It was afterwards ascertained that eight of them died of wounds received, before they reached their towns. I had a fair shot at the bare back of one of them. I do not know whether I hit him, or not. He did not fall; and I think I was somewhat excited.

"On the 5th of March following, 1792, I was appointed an Ensign in a rifle company, commanded by Capt. John Crawford, a soldier of '76. William Clarke, of Kentucky, was the First Lieutenant. I reported to my Captain, and was put on the recruiting service. But, as the pay of a soldier was only \$3 per month, I met with little success. Our clothing was also indifferent, and the feelings of the people generally averse to enlisting. They did not consider regular soldiers the thing, exactly, to fight Indians. I then joined the head-quarters of the army, at Legionville—the spot where Harmony now stands, 20 miles below Pittsburgh. The first duty I performed was on Christmas day, 1792, when I commanded a picket guard. The officer of the day, Major Mills, saw, at guard-mounting, that I was very green, and when he visited my guard, at 12 o'clock, he took much pains to instruct me. He also let me know at what hour at night the Grand Rounds would visit me. I had Baron Steuben's Tactics, and a good old Sergeant, and was pretty well prepared to receive the Rounds when they approached.

"The Major complimented me, and remained with me for some time. His treatment had the effect to inspire me with that confidence which is indispensable in a young officer, to enable him to perform any duty in a suitable manner. I then thought Steuben had nothing with which I was not familiar, and the confidence it gave me has unquestionably been of service to me up to the present day. The history and movements of that army are before the world; but its sufferings and privations are only known to those who shared them, of which I had my full proportion. Our campaign in Canada, during the war of 1812, was by no means interesting, and its privations, &c., were the subject of much discussion. Compared with the campaign of Gen. Wayne, it was all sunshine. At its close, I was left under the command of Col. Hamtramck, at Fort Wayne. The force consisted of Capt. Porter's company of artillery; Capts. Kingsbury's, Grattan's, and Reed's companies of infantry; and Capt. Preston's company of riflemen, to which I was attached.

"During that winter, 1794-'5, we lived very poorly. Our beef came to us on the hoof, and poor, and we had little or nothing to fatten them with. Having no salt to cure it, it was slaughtered, and hung up under a shed, where, by exposure, it became perfectly weather-beaten, and as tough as an old hide. Of course, it made a miserable soup. At the same time, our men received but half-rations of flour, and were working like beavers, to complete our quarters. Thus we lived until about the middle of February, when a brigade of pack-horses arrived, loaded with flour and salt, and with them, came a drove of hogs. From this time forward, we considered ourselves as living on the "fat of the land." An early spring followed, and with it, came ducks, geese, and trout, to improve our living; and the Indians, soon after, came in with their flags, to sue for peace; and our time passed away pleasantly. The treaty was opened at Greenville, on the 4th of July, 1795, on which day I arrived at that place. I had been ordered there, as a witness in the case of Captain

Preston, who was tried for disobeying the orders of Col. Hamtramck. The Court sentenced him to be reprimanded, and the General laid it on pretty heavy.

"I remained at head-quarters till the treaty was concluded, and then returned to Fort Wayne. While at Fort Wayne, I received many letters from my brothers, urging me to resign. I had not seen them for ten years. Those letters held out the idea that they would *make my fortune*. That, (and a desire to return to the land of my early habits, and to see my brothers and sisters, who had grown from children, to be men and women, and most of them married,) decided me to leave the service. I resigned my commission, and left Fort Wayne on the 20th November, 1795, and passed the next winter in Lexington, Kentucky. About the 1st of March following, I rode through to Limestone, (Maysville.) I there got into a Quarter-Master's boat, and, in about three weeks, landed at Wheeling, Virginia. I spent a few days with the widow of my brother Samuel, who had died on the Christmas previous. I then purchased a horse, and reached home about the 20th of July. I went first to Capt. William Gray's, my brother-in-law. My sister, Mrs. Gray, came to the door, and, as I inquired for Mr. Gray, she put on rather an important look, and replied—'I presume you will find him at the store'—and turned into the parlor. I was about turning on my heel, when I heard steps in the entry, and, turning round, I saw my sister Hannah. She immediately raised her hands, and exclaimed—'My brother Hugh!' and flew into my arms. This was not a little surprising, as, when she saw me last, she could not have been more than eight years old. She knew me by my resemblance to my twin-sister Jane. I found my connections all living happily, and moving at the head of society. I passed a happy three or four months with them, when I became weary of an idle life, and began to look for my *promised fortune*; but, up to this day, have never been able to find it. I remained out of business till the winter of 1798 and '9, when I was appointed a Captain in Adams' army, and, in less than two years, was disbanded. My brother William, who had been most urgent for me to resign, now requested me to assist him to improve some wild lands he owned on the Mahoning River, about 50 miles from Pittsburgh. We commenced this settlement in the spring of 1802, and, that summer, built a grist-mill and a saw-mill. All our breadstuff had to be carried about 30 miles on horse-back. Meat, I procured with my rifle, deer being plenty, and I could kill them without much loss of time from other business.

"I married in 1805, and took my wife to our place in 1806, where Sarah and Preston were born. During the time we were there, we were happy, and had a plenty of such things as the country afforded. All being on an equality, as regarded our resources, were not annoyed by the insolence of wealth. Still, I saw that *my fortune* could not be made there, and, in 1810, I returned, with my family, to Northumberland, and got along as well as I could, until 1812, when the war again called me into service; since which time, the Government has provided for me. I have rendered her some service, and, with my brother-officers, have kept my shoulder to the wheel. This was no more than our duty to a country which supports us, and of which we are justly proud.

"Thus I have given a sketch of my life, containing nothing unusual or strange among those of my day and generation. But what a wonderful generation it has been—the most wonderful of any since the days of our Savior!"

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF JAMES BRADY.

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"I have already stated that my brother James fell by the Indians, in 1778. It was in this manner: With 10 or 12 others, he went to help a neighbor harvest his wheat, about 10 miles from the nearest station. On entering the field, they placed a sentinel at the most exposed point, and their arms convenient to their work. They had worked but a short time, when the sentinel gave an alarm. They all ran to their arms; but it proved to be a false alarm. After reprimanding the sentinel for his unsoldierly conduct, they returned to their work; but they had not long been reaping, when they heard the report of a rifle, and their sentinel was killed. Without noticing the conduct of others, my brother ran to his rifle, and, as he stooped to pick it up, he received a shot, which broke his arm. This caused him to fall forwards, and, before he could recover, a stout Indian was upon him—tomahawked him—scalped him—and left him for dead. After the Indians left the field, my brother recovered, and went to the house, where he found the rest of the reapers, who had run from the field without their arms, and without making any attempt to defend or rescue him. They sent James to his parents, at Sunbury, 40 miles from the spot where he received his wound, which was on Saturday. He lived till the Thursday following, retained his senses, and related what is stated above.

"James Brady was a remarkable man. Nature had done much for him. His person was fine. He lacked but a quarter of an inch of six feet, and his mind was as well finished as his person. I have ever placed him by the side of Jonathan, son of Saul, for beauty of person, and nobleness of soul, and, like him, he fell by the hands of the Philistines."

## DEATH OF THE FATHER OF GEN. H. BRADY.

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"My father was killed on the 11th of April, 1779, not more than half a mile from his own house. He had left that morning, at the head of a party of men, to move in a family that had wintered at their farm, about 10 miles from my father's place. Having seen no sign of Indians, my father stopped at Wallis's Fort, and let the party go on with the family. He was the only person mounted, and intended, soon, to overtake the party; but, unfortunately for him, his family, and the settlement, he overtook a man who had fallen behind, and remained with him till the Indians shot him dead. The man escaped by mounting my father's horse, after he had fallen. It is a remarkable fact, that this man, *Peter Smith*, was in the field where my brother was killed; and, afterwards, his own family was mostly destroyed by Indians, and he again escaped. After the war, he settled in the Genesee country, and became a wealthy man. Some men are born to luck."

NOTE.—It is worthy of notice, that, although Gen. Brady frequently sought, but was ever unsuccessful in finding, the spot where his father was interred, one of his surviving daughters, Mrs. Backus, wife of Major Backus, was providentially made acquainted with the spot, during a visit, last summer, to the place of her grandfather's residence. An old revolutionary soldier, who was with the father of General Brady when he fell, and had known and marked the place of his interment, a short time before her visit, had, on his death-bed, requested to be buried beside his old Captain, and designated the spot. His request was granted; and there lie together, in the woods, the Captain, and the private of his company, in a place where the inhabitants of the neighborhood intend, it is said, to erect an appropriate monument.

## NOTICE OF JOHN BRADY, BROTHER OF GEN. H. BRADY.

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"My brother John, in his 15th year, was in the battle of Brandywine, and was wounded. On the retreat, he would have been captured, had not his Colonel taken him up behind him.

"John had gone to the army with my father, in order to take home the horses ridden out, and was directed by my father to return. But John heard from Ensign Boyd, that a battle was expected to be fought soon. He, therefore, remained to see the fun ; and when my father took command of his company, on the morning of the battle, he found John in the ranks, with a big rifle by his side. My father was wounded in the battle ; Ensign Boyd was killed ; and John received a wound during the retreat.

"As one good turn deserves another, two of my brothers, many years after, married two of the Colonel's daughters."

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## NOTICE OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY,

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"Captain Samuel Brady entered the army as a volunteer when he was 19 years of age, and joined General Washington at Boston. A year after, he was appointed a Lieutenant, and returned home to recruit. He did not remain long. He belonged to Captain John Doyle's company, Hand's regiment, Wayne's brigade, and was with him at the surprise of Paoli, and most of the affairs in which that gallant General was engaged. In 1779, his regiment, the 9th Pennsylvania, was ordered to Pittsburgh. It was then commanded by Colonel Brodhead. Soon after, my brother heard of his father's death ; and he waited, with impatience, for an opportunity to avenge it, on the Indians. Nor was the opportunity long delayed. The Indians had attacked a family, and killed all in it, except a boy aged 12, and his sister, 10. These were taken prisoners, and their father was absent from home at the time it occurred.

"The place was 30 miles east of Pittsburgh, and it so happened, Samuel was out

in that direction ; and, hearing of it, he started in pursuit, having with him a friendly Indian, very useful as a guide. The second evening of the pursuit, the party stopped on the top of a high hill, and the Indian guide pointed with his wiping stick to the foot of the hill, and said—‘The Red Bank runs there.’ The men sat down, while the Captain consulted with the Indian about his future movements. Suddenly, the Indian sprang to his feet, and said he smelt fire ; and, soon after, they saw the smoke curling above the trees, on the opposite side of the Red Bank.

‘The Indian said—‘They will sleep by that fire to-night.’ ‘And I will awake them in a voice of thunder in the morning,’ replied the Captain. The Indian also said—‘After they smoke and eat, and the sun has gone to sleep, they will give the scalp halloo.’

‘With breathless impatience, the party watched the setting of the sun, and, as its light disappeared from the tops of the trees in the east, they heard seven distinct scalp halloos, with the usual whoop between each. After it was over, Cole, the Indian observed—‘There are fourteen warriors, and they have five scalps and two prisoners.’ The night being clear, and the weather mild, the Captain remained in his position till near morning, when he forded the stream above the Indians, and posted his men, to await the crack of his rifle, as the signal of attack. As day broke, an Indian rose up, and stirred the fire. The signal was given. The Indian, standing, pitched into the fire. The attack continued, and resulted in eight of the warriors being deprived of the pleasure of ever again giving the scalp halloo. When the Captain got to the fire, he found the children much alarmed. After quieting their fears, the boy asked for the Captain’s tomahawk, and commenced cutting off the head of the Indian that fell in the fire, observing that this was the leader of the party, and the man that killed and scalped his mother. The boy was permitted to finish the job he had commenced,

‘Three easy days’ march brought the Captain back to Pittsburgh. The father of the children was sent for to receive his lost ones. He showed much affection, on meeting his children, and thanked the Captain for having restored them ; and then asked the Captain what had become of his ‘big basin.’ It appeared that the Indians had carried off, or destroyed, a big basin, from which Henry and his numerous family ate their sourcrout. The honest Dutchman thought there could be no impropriety in asking for it, of the man who had the best chance to know.

‘In 1801, the writer met Henry (the boy) at a friend’s house, in Greensburgh, Pa. Henry had stopped, with a wagon, before the door, and had a barrel of cider for my friend, who, pointing to me, said—‘This gentleman is a brother of Captain Brady, who took you from the Indians.’ Henry was assisting to remove the cider, and he gave me a side-look for a moment, and then continued his work. I felt hurt at the coldness he showed towards the brother of a man who had risked his life to rescue him from death or bondage, and to avenge the murder of his family. My friend informed me that Henry owned the farm from which he was captured, and was as rich as any farmer in the county. I thought, then, if his circumstances were as easy as his manners, he probably had at home, in the old family chest, as many dollars as would fill his father’s big basin.

‘At the request of his Colonel, Capt. Brady visited the Sandusky towns, at the



head of four or five men, and lay concealed over ten days—so that he could see all their movements. It was a time for horse-racing among the Indians, and men, women, children, and dogs, were all in attendance. A gray horse was the winner, until the evening of the second day, when they compelled him to carry two riders, (a new way to handicap,) when he was finally beaten. The Indians then retired from the field. That evening, Capt. Brady took two squaws prisoners, and started for home. On the second day of their journey, they were overtaken by a frightful thunder-storm, which destroyed their provisions, and destroyed most of their powder, having but three or four loads of good powder left in a priming horn. The stormy weather continued several days. After it cleared away, the Captain, just before night, went ahead of his party, hoping to kill some game, as they were without provisions. The party was then travelling on an Indian trail. He had not gone far, when he met a party of Indians returning from the settlements, with a woman and child, prisoners. The Captain shot the leader of the party, rescued the woman, and endeavored to obtain the child, that was strapped to the back of the Indian he had shot. But he had not time to do so, as the Indians had ascertained that he was alone, and had returned to their leader. He was, therefore, compelled to fall back, and he took the woman with him. His men, seeing the Indians, and supposing the Captain was killed, made their way to the nearest fort, and let the squaw run away. The other squaw had escaped during the great thunder-storm. The next day, he met a party coming from Fort McIntosh, to bury him, his men having reported him killed. A few days after, he returned, with a party, to the battle-ground, and found the dead Indian.

"In 1835, the writer met, at the town of Detroit, a son of the boy that was strapped to the back of the Indian. He informed me, that, after Wayne's treaty, his father was delivered up, at Pittsburgh, by the Indians. When the land west of the Ohio, came into market, his father bought the lot on which the affair took place, and built his house, as near as he could ascertain, on the spot where the Indian fell, and lived there till 18 months prior to our conversation, when he was killed by the falling of a tree. His name was Stupps, and he was a fine-looking man. I remember his grandmother's name was Jane Stupps; and I have often heard my brother relate the above story.

"On the Beaver River, is a place known as Brady's Bend, where he had a hard fight, and killed many of the enemy, with small loss on his own side. His enterprising disposition, and his skill in stratagems, in which he equalled any Indian, enabled him to do more towards protecting the frontier, than all his regiment besides. Indeed, he was looked upon by the whole country, as their surest protector; and all the recompense he ever received, was in a reward of \$500 being offered by Gov. McKain for his person, for having, in 1791, killed a party of Indians on Brady's Run, 30 miles below Pittsburgh. He surrendered himself for trial, and was honorably acquitted—he having proved, to the satisfaction of the Court and jury, that those Indians had killed a family, on the head of Wheeling Creek, Ohio County, Va. That, on receiving notice of the murder, he suspected those Indians had come out of Pennsylvania. He, therefore, crossed the Ohio, at the mouth of the Wheeling, and, by steering west, came on the trail, and pursued it to where he attacked them.

"When Gen. Wayne arrived at Pittsburgh, in 1792, he sent for Capt. Brady, who lived in Ohio County, Va., and gave him command of all the spies then in the employ of the Government, amounting to 60 or 70 men. The Captain so disposed of them, that not a depredation was committed on the frontier. On the contrary, three or four times, the Indians were surprised in their own country, 30 or 40 miles in advance of the white settlements. His plan of carrying the war into the Indian country, put a stop to all murders on that frontier. He continued in command of these Rangers until the period of his death, which occurred on Christmas day, 1795, at his house, about two miles west of West Liberty, Va., (in the 39th year of his age.) His disease was pleurisy. He left a widow and two sons.

"Never was a man more devoted to his country, and few—very few—have rendered more important services, if we consider the nature of the service, and the part performed by him personally. He was 5 feet  $11\frac{3}{4}$  inches in height, with a perfect form. He was rather light—his weight exceeding, at no time, 168 pounds. As I have said before, there were six brothers, viz.: Samuel, James, John, William P., Hugh, and Robert. There was but half an inch difference in our heights. John was six feet and an inch, and I was the shortest of them all. Is it not remarkable, that I, who was considered the most feeble of all, should outlive all my brothers, after having been exposed to more dangers and vicissitudes than any, except Samuel? Is it not a proof that there is, from the beginning, 'a day appointed for man to die?' It is said—'The race is not to the swift, or the battle to the strong; but safety is of the Lord.' That has ever been my belief."











